Hell. That he have his, call up some gentlemen.

2 *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray you greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolve you.

Lys. Haile reverent sir, the gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well being on shore, honouring of *Neptunes* triumph, seeing this goodly vessell ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Upon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, til the disaster that one mortall weight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the gods preserve you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopt,

stopt, she is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maides, now upon the levie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing wee'l omit that beares recoveries name. But since your kindnesse we have stretcht thus farre, let us beseech you, that for our gold we may have provision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleneſſe.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most just God for every graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Province: yet once more let mee intreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sir, sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O hee's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome faire one: Is not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Come of a gentle kinde and noble stocke,
Ide wish no better choise, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire and all goodnesse that consists in beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receive such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sit, I will use my uttermost skill in his recovery, provided, that none but I and my companion maide be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her prosperous. *The Song.*

Lys. Markt he your Musicke?

Mar. No, nor lookt on us.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited eyes, but have beene gazed on like a Comet: she speakes my Lord, that